

# BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Said

DR. WILKINSON

WRITES FROM ENGLAND

OF STRATFORD UPON AVON,  
WARRICK AND KENILWORTH  
CASTLES AND OTHER  
ITEMS OF INTEREST.

London, England, Sept. 27, 1904.

Dear Friend Hughes:

I reached Liverpool on the evening of the 26th, stopping for the night at the Great Northern, its largest hotel. I had a room with a balcony, and with some friends I made on the voyage, and saw a little of this great city by night time. The first thing I was struck with was the queer names which reminded me of Robin Hood.

Over saloons were in sight of Pig and Water. The hotel had the name of some bird or animal, such as "The Bee," "Hens and Chickens," "The Black Paw," "The Black Swan," and so on. There were numerous other such names as would bore you and make you feel anxious.

English Not Early Riser:

I arose at 5:30 to take the train for Stratford, in the center of the church if Shakespeare was the author of that epithet. He said "No." This surprised me, as the preachers have long referred to this inscription as being written by a man who was a Christian. Any person of literary insight can see at once that Shakespeare never wrote such a thing for himself.

Now, the flags are the place of all the other stones above the altar, but those over Shakespeare's tomb are the battle and naval scenes and "surcoupled" of Lords and Dukes.

These are the flags of each with their hands clasped in prayer and with sword hanging by their sides. The symbols of these nobles and their more than centuries ago and the more like lords than dukes and dukes. It looked a little inconsistent to see so many swords and pikes and broadswords around the tomb of the Prince of Peace.

I am disgusted with the insignia of the aristocracy and the simple plain' a'm of Shakespeare

gave relief to the scene. In a niche in the wall is a bust of Shakespeare, the only bust of him that I have seen, and of course it is not ideal, makes him look like Christ.

That, of course, was for a purpose. If Shakespeare was a Christian who was not a saint, he was not a saint, and that he would have come out openly and declared the same. Instead, he had no profession at all, and he was not a saint.

The English are very fond of the "up and up" motto, and this difference of "up and up" holds good in most things as between the English and the Americans.

Now, as I am returning to the train a noisy boy ran up to me crying,

"New York on Fire!"

"New York on fire! New York on fire! How many papers will you have?"

"I will give you one paper, when I get settled on the train. I looked to see about the great conflagration, and saw a few 8 or 9 feet high, the difference of "up and up" holds good

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The little devil had spotted me for a

While I realized right away that I would not play any more, he is a John Jacob Astor among them.

Ann Hathaway.

I arrived at Stratford upon Avon at 4 o'clock. With three others I formed a party and took a cab to see for Ann Hathaway's cottage, which is a mile and a half out. I was shown the path which Shakespeare took when he went courting Ann, and the trees in which she sat and who he met and how he was 18 when he married.

This is one of my reasons for doubt-

ing that Shakespeare wrote the plays. He had a bad temper, and is even un- derlined that a man who underlines the word "bad" is not an ideal, makes him look like Christ.

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Ann Hathaway's Cottage is the

greatest place in the world I believe.

To describe it would take a whole page. There is a little house, and some old, medium-sized trees, with a large

old, weathered fence, and a large

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